MY FRIEND'S
HOT SON
GAY CONFESSIONS
LUCAS LOVELESS

MY FRIEND'S HOT SON

Gay Romance Fiction

Lucas Loveless

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ONE

I WAS 35, JUST TURNED 35. And I was divorced. 35, divorced, with no kids or a wife and a bank account that had never been so low. I felt terrible most days. I wanted to give up on everything.

So a week after my birthday, which I had spent alone, my buddy Frank invited me to stay at his place in Dallas for a few days. We'd hang out, drink some and fish some. Just something to get my mind off everything.

Frank and I sat on the front porch on a Friday evening. It was summer, and it was hot in Dallas, Texas.

Frank was a good guy. He was eleven years older than me with a steady job in real estate. He grew up in Dallas like me, he coached my football team while I was in college. But from the looks of it Frank was a long way away from *playing* football anytime soon.

"I've really let myself go," Frank told me with a laugh. He was right. The guy had put on over 100 pounds and had a beer gut bigger than a pregnant woman.

I, on the other hand, managed to keep in good shape, especially after the divorce. When my wife cheated and left, I worked out nonstop to keep my mind off of my dead marriage. By the time I was in Dallas I had bigger guns and other muscles than I did back in college.

"You're gonna have women crawling all over you," Frank told me. "With arms and a chest like that, man, they'll be lining up to get in bed with you."

We talked about his kids. They were grown up now and in school. He talked about Daniel his son. Daniel was the youngest in his family, 22 now, and coming home for the summer.

I told him how my ex-wife had turned everyone in my life against

me. “She just lied a lot to them,” I said, “and they believed her.”

“Bitch,” Frank muttered.

“Tell me about it.”

We drank some beer while the sun set.

Then a red Mustang pulled into the driveway.

“Well whatta you know,” Frank said. “Daniel’s back.”

Daniel, his son, had returned home from school. I didn’t think anything of it, just took another drink of beer, until I saw the 22 year old get out of the Mustang.

Holy shit, I thought.

Daniel had really grown up since last I saw him, when he was 16 and scrawny. Now, he was taller and leaner with definition. He had medium length, pretty blonde hair, and he wore fit jeans and a tight shirt that clung to his physique.

Daniel waved to us. “Hey, Dad.”

I licked my lips and tried not to stare.

Daniel grabbed his bag from the car and walked up onto the porch. He wiped some sweat from his brow, making his shirt rise up a bit so I could see the bottom of his bare, flat stomach. “What’s up, guys,” he said. “Boy it’s hot as hell out here.”

“Yes it is son,” Frank said. “What are you doing here? Thought you were going over to Kristen’s.” Frank looked at me. “Kristen is his girlfriend, most beautiful little thing you’d ever seen.”

Daniel grinned. “Yeah she sure is pretty. But I’m not going to her place till later. She said her folks are having some family time first.”

I sat awkward. I didn’t know what to say or how to act. I hadn’t felt that way since I was in college meeting all the hot young women. And now I was nervous because my friend’s hot son was staring at me with a flirtatious smile.

“Leroy?” he asked. “Is that you, man?”

I stood up to greet him. “Sure is.”

Daniel shook my hand. “Wow, man. You look great!” His eyes wandered my body, up and down. He put his hands on his hips, bit his lip and smiled at me.

I let myself do the same to him. His arms, his chest and stomach, I was already wondering what he looked like naked. “You look great, too, Daniel. It’s been a long time.”

“Yeah man, it has.”

We stared at one another.

Then I realized we were practically eye-fucking one another right in front of Daniel's father.

I cleared my throat and sat back down. "Well, uh, glad you made it home safe."

Daniel laughed. He could sense my awkwardness. "Yeah, me too. What are y'all drinking? Mind if I grab a beer, too, Dad? It was a long drive."

Frank smiled. "Sure son."

Daniel joined us on the porch and caught us up on what he was doing at school. He was still doing general studies. He had pledged a fraternity, had a girlfriend, and he played for the baseball team. He said he kept himself in shape to keep up with his older brothers.

"Yeah," Frank said, "my sons don't realize eventually all men's bodies get fat and out of shape."

Daniel laughed. "That's not true, Dad. Look at Leroy here." He grabbed my bicep and squeezed. "He's in great shape."

Him touching me sent a twinge of excitement through me. I could even feel my cock twitch in my jeans. I hadn't been laid in too long, so the slightest bit of attention sent me on edge.

Daniel looked me in the eyes. "I bet you work out all the time."

I smiled. "Yeah I get to the gym."

Daniel leaned back and finished his beer. "You're a real man's man, Leroy. Just look at your beard. I wish I could grow one like that." He rubbed his smooth, pretty little face.

I touched my beard. It was dark and thick. I started to wonder what other hairs Daniel had on his body, or if he was as smooth as his beautiful face.

After a half hour, Daniel said he was heading over to his girlfriend's house. "I'll catch you guys later."

"Bye, son."

Daniel caught my eye. He smiled. "Leroy, I hope you're still around when I get back. It was fun hanging out with you."

I waved to him. "I'll stick around."

And then he left.

Frank and I spent the evening watching sports on his big flat screen and drinking. His wife was gone to visit her mother out of state, so we had the place to ourselves.

By the time he went to bed, I'd had so much beer that I was pretty damn buzzed.

I sighed, sitting alone on Frank's couch.

"How'd my life get so shitty?" I asked myself.

I figured I'd go to sleep before I gave into temptation to drink some more.

I stripped off my shoes and socks and shirt.

I laid down in the darkness of Frank's living room.

I tried to sleep, but my body wouldn't let me. I started thinking about women. Naked women. Naked, beautiful women with big tits and tight little pussies. I was horny as hell, so I unzipped my jeans and dug my hand into them to find my hard, hairy prick.

No one is going to catch me, I thought to myself. I was alone, and Frank was fast asleep. No one would know if I jerked off.

I whipped out my prick. It was engorged and thick, a good eight inches of repressed sexual relief throbbing in my palm.

I spit into my hand and started stroking myself.

It was quiet.

In my head were images of naked women, and then suddenly, I started imagining Daniel. I saw the hot little 22 year old smiling at me on the porch.

I opened my eyes. "What the fuck?"

I know I had thought the kid was gorgeous, but I never thought I'd be fantasizing about him while I jerked off. But I couldn't help myself.

I licked my lips and kept stroking. No one would know. Daniel would never know. His father would never know. It'd be my own little secret that I stroked my dick while thinking about him.

I was getting close, getting ready to shoot when I heard one of the floorboards creek behind me.

I jolted up.

"Fuck," someone whispered.

I quickly tucked my dick back into my jeans. It wasn't easy. I was so hard I had to force it back inside, and it hurt to do that.

I sat up on the couch, and in the dim light of the moon that came in through the window, I could see Daniel standing there.

TWO

DANIEL WAS FROZEN STILL LIKE an animal caught in a trap. He was wearing jeans and a shirt, doing his best not to breathe or make a sound.

Finally I spoke. “Daniel?”

“Hey Leroy. Uh what are you doing?”

I sat up and tried to pretend like I hadn’t just been stroking my fat cock. “Nothing. I was just trying to get some sleep.”

Daniel chuckled. “I bet you were. I think you were trying to do more than just get some sleep, though.”

I gulped. “What are you talking about, Daniel?”

He laughed. “I saw you stroking your meat, dude. If I hadn’t come in you would’ve blasted right there on my dad’s couch.”

I was embarrassed. I stood up quick and marched up to him. “Alright look you little-”

He gulped and stood frozen still and scared. I was a much bigger man than him, towering over him like a mean, sexually frustrated monster.

But I stopped talking because I smelled something on him, the stench of Marijuana. “Is that weed I smell, Daniel?”

Daniel backed away from me. “No, of course not. What the hell are you talking about?”

I grinned. I knew I had a one-up on him now. “Don’t screw around with me, Daniel. I know what pot smells like.”

He sighed. “Okay, yes. After I was at Kristen’s I met a few buds at the park and we smoked a little. Leroy please don’t tell my dad!”

I smiled with satisfaction. “I don’t know, Daniel. I feel like this is something I should tell your father about. He’s a pretty strict man and he’d want to know if you were sneaking around and smoking pot.”

Daniel grabbed onto my arms. “No, Leroy. Please. I’ll do anything.”

I raised my eyebrows at him. “Anything?”

A smirk flashed across his face. “Yes sir. Anything you want.”

I thought we were just playing around, but Daniel was serious about what he meant. He grabbed my crotch and squeezed my shaft.

“Whoa, Daniel!” I took a step back from him.

He slipped his fingers into my waistline and pulled me back to him. “Come on, man. What’s the problem?”

“Daniel I was playing around.”

He tugged at my jeans. “But I wasn’t. Come on, man. I’ll do anything for you if you don’t tell my dad I smoked weed.”

Before I could stop him, be dropped to his knees before me.

I started getting harder than a fucking rock. I couldn’t I believe I had this hot young guy willing to suck me.

He wasn’t playing around, and now neither was I.

I decided to let go of my inhibitions and let my sex drive take over. I put my hand on the back of Daniel’s head. “Alright, kid. Show me what you got.”

He grinned up at me. He ran his hands down my legs and back up to my crotch. He squeezed my shaft through my jeans and got a good feel for it. “Man, you have a big cock. I bet you shoot a lot of come, too.”

I smiled, running my fingers through the back of my hair. “Why don’t you find out.”

He unbuttoned my jeans. He slowly undid the zipper. He ran his fingers through my pubic hair. “No underwear. I like that.”

I was dripping with precome as he took a hold of my rod and pulled it out of my jeans.

“Fuck, man,” he whispered. “Your cock is thick and warm. You’re already precoming.” He gathered some precome in between his fingers and licked them. “Mmm, tastes good, too.”

“Stop teasing me kid,” I growled. “And suck on my cock already.”

He smiled. “Yes sir.” He put his hands on his knees and opened his mouth.

My cock slid right in between his wet lips and over his warm tongue.

“Fuck,” I moaned.

He moaned with my cock in his mouth. He loved it.

After a few good bobs of his head, he wrapped his palm around my shaft. He stroked and sucked me at the same time, drooling over my rod like a hungry little slut.

“Damn you’re good at this, kid,” I groaned.

He leaned back and caught his breath. He smiled up at me with his hand around my cock, still stroking me. “I’ve had some practice. But never on a cock as huge as yours, man. This is a monster.”

I slapped his face playfully. “Think you can handle my come?”

He licked his lips. “Definitely. I’ll swallow every drop for you, sir.”

“Good boy.”

He put my cock back into his wet, eager mouth. He stroked my shaft, and with other hand he cradled my sack and massaged my balls.

“Fuck you’re good,” I moaned.

He had me so horned up I was ready to throw him onto the couch and fuck him hard.

He moaned with pleasure while bobbing his mouth on me.

When he started playing with himself I knew he was enjoying this.

“Does sucking on my big dick turn you on?” I asked.

“Mmmhmmm,” he answered through a mouthful of manhood. He unzipped his pants and yanked out his own rod. Then he jerked himself.

“Here, boy,” I said to him. “Hold still.” I grabbed the back of his head.

He stayed still with his mouth opened.

I started fucking his throat while he masturbated.

“Nnn,” he moaned. “Nnn yeah!”

“Yeah that’s hot,” I growled. “Let me come in your pretty mouth.”

“Nnnhnnn,” he said with a slight nod. He wanted my come bad.

He even lifted his shirt and pinched his nipple while still stroking his shaft.

My balls tightened and my body started to flex. I was ready to shoot.

“Here it comes, kid, you ready?”

He scooted closer to me on his knees and let my cock punch the back of his throat. “Nnhnn!”

A few more thrusts. “Fuck!”

My cock pulsed and I shot load after load of hot come into his

throat.

He was so aroused that he came, too, all over his father's floor while I still shot come into his mouth.

He couldn't swallow all of it at once, so it dripped off his lips and down his chest and stomach.

I breathed heavy, letting him drink all of it.

Then I finally slipped out and took a moment to recover. "Fuck, I'm drained."

Daniel smiled and stood up. He swallowed what come was left in his mouth, and then he licked and wiped his lips. "I can tell, man. I think I just swallowed a gallon of your jizz."

I smiled. "You did a good job, kid. Where'd you learn to suck cock like that?"

As he zipped up his pants he answered. "A few of the frat guys like to trade head every now and then. I picked up some tricks from them."

I zipped up my jeans. "Well they definitely work."

He put his hand on my shoulder. "So, you won't tell my dad about the pot right?"

I let out a deep breath. He'd definitely earned my silence. "No, don't worry Daniel. I won't say anything."

He smiled. "Cool, well I'm gonna get some sleep."

I laid down on the couch, feeling better than I had in a long time.

"Hey, Leroy," Daniel said before going to the hallway. "I had fun sucking on your huge dick. If you ever need it again, I'll help you out."

I laughed. "Thanks, kid. I'll remember that."

THREE

That Saturday, I woke up and ate breakfast with Frank.

"Gotta take care of some work stuff today," Frank said. "Sorry I can't hang out with you, buddy."

"It's cool, man," I said. "I'll just go hit the gym or something."

Daniel walked in wearing nothing but boxers and a smile. "Morning, guys." His boxers were thin, and I could see the way the fabric rested around his perky cock.

"Morning, son," Frank said.

Daniel sat down right next to me. For a moment I saw his eyes checking me out. "Nothing but jeans this morning," he said. "I like your style, Leroy."

I grinned. "Looks like you've got a similar idea, kid."

We looked across the table to his dad.

Frank held up the newspaper in front of his face, so he couldn't see us.

"Did you sleep well last night, Leroy?" Daniel winked at me with a flirtatious grin. Then he put his hand on my thigh and went up quickly until he groped my crotch under the table. "I know I did."

I almost choked on my cereal. Instantly, my cock hardened in my jeans.

Daniel massaged my rod. "I slept really well."

I made sure Frank was still distracted by the newspaper, and then I decided I'd play into Daniel's little game. "Yeah, I slept great." I put my hand on his taut thigh and squeezed him. Then I put my hand in between his legs and rubbed his cock.

We sat there, across from his father, rubbing each other's manhood while Frank read the paper.

Daniel started breathing heavier. I could see goosebumps on his

skin and his nipples get hard. “Good. Sleeping well is always great.” His eyes stayed on mine.

He kept my gaze even when I reached into his boxers and pulled his rock hard manhood out. I held his cock in my palm stroked him.

“Aw yeah,” he moaned under his breath. He went for my zipper.

I helped him out by undoing my pants and whipping out my half hard dick. He stroked me, and in less than a minute I was fully rock hard.

“Lots of wood this morning,” his father said behind the newspaper.

We both stopped.

“Uh, what Dad?” Daniel asked.

“Out in the yard, son,” Frank said. “Had to cut a lot of branches last week.” He lowered the paper and looked at Daniel. “Would you mind moving them around to the side of the house?”

Daniel gulped. “Yeah, sure.”

We waited for Frank to raise the newspaper again, and when he did our hands went back to each other.

We jerked each other for a minute, and then I wanted to take it further.

I grinned while keeping eye contact with Daniel, and I licked my middle finger to get it wet. I put my hand back into his boxers through the opening in the leg.

Daniel knew exactly what my plan was. He bit his lip, smiling back at me as he leaned back in his seat and spread his legs for me.

My middle finger found his tight, little hole and started toying with it.

The look on Daniels face as I played with his ass made me so fucking hard. He loved it. He gripped my cock a little tighter as he stroked me.

With my fat cock in one hand, he started stroking his shaft with the other.

His father coughed a little while reading the paper.

We both froze, and once his father started reading again we resumed.

I stuck the tip of my finger into Daniel’s hot little hole and did circles.

He squirmed in his seat and tried not to moan too loud.

My cock felt full and ready to blow.

He was cranking his shaft fast and hard under the table.

“Fuck,” he muttered under his breath.

Then he bucked his hips upward a little as he started shooting come shots under the table. They dripped to the floor and hit the underside of the table.

I could feel his asshole squeeze around my finger tip.

He closed his eyes, and his face scrunched up in agony as he held back sounds of moaning and groaning.

I slipped my finger out of him and started rubbing my groin while he continued to stroke my shaft.

Suddenly, his father set the newspaper down and got up from the table. “Well boys, I might as well get some water before I head to work.”

We sat still while his father walked around us.

Daniel kept both hands in his lap.

“Come on,” I whispered to him. “Let’s get out of the kitchen.”

His father had his back turned to us as he went to the fridge and opened it.

We stood up.

My erect cock stood out from my jeans, and I kept my back turned to Daniel’s father.

“Say Daniel,” his father said.

Daniel turned his head around, but we both kept out backs turned to him. Daniel was still pitching a half tent in his boxers.

“Yeah Dad?” Daniel asked.

“I’m sure Leroy wouldn’t mind helping you take care of all those branches in the backyard,” his father said.

“Sure Dad, right.”

His father turned back to the fridge.

Daniel grabbed my big dick and stroked me before I could leave the table.

I glared at the kid. I wanted to punch him and come at the same time.

His father could’ve turned around at any moment to catch his own son jerking me off.

I clenched my fists and gritted my teeth. I was close to orgasm.

Daniel kept an eye on his father and made sure he stayed facing the fridge.

“Fuck,” I groaned under my breath.

Daniel smirked at me. He kept stroking me, and he aimed my throbbing cock at the bowl of milk I’d eaten my cereal from.

My body tensed and my cock pulsed as I shot hot come into the milk. After about six shots I stopped.

Daniel licked his lips. “Damn, that’s hot,” he whispered.

His father turned around. “What was that, son?”

Daniel released my cock quick and spun around. By then his cock was soft enough that his erection didn’t show through his boxers. “Nothing, Dad. I was just uh, asking Leroy of he wanted his milk.”

“Okay…”

I grinned at Daniel. Was he really about to…?

Daniel grabbed the bowl of milk, which was half full of my come, and slurped it down in front of his father.

I almost burst out in laughter. I kept my back turned to his father because my cock was still hanging out of my jeans.

“Mmm,” Daniel said. He wiped his mouth and winked at me. “That’s some good milk.”

“Huh,” his father said. “Okay, well I didn’t know you like milk so much, Daniel.”

Daniel licked his lips and grinned at me. “Oh I just love Leroy’s milk. Taste great!”

I smiled back at him. What a dirty young man!

“You’re acting a little strange, son,” his father said. “But I gotta get to work. I’ll see you boys later.”

His father left, and we both sighed in relief.

“That was fun, huh?” Daniel asked.

“You little trouble maker…” I punched his arm and then zipped my dick back into my jeans.

“You better clean the come off this kitchen table before your father sees it.”

FOUR

LATER THAT MORNING, I FOUND myself out in the backyard helping Daniel move tree branches around to the side of the house.

We were both shirtless and in work jeans.

"You stay in great shape, Leroy," he said to me as he tossed another branch into the pile around the side of the house. "What's your secret?"

"Diet and exercise, kid," I told him. "Trust me, the simplest ways in life are always the best."

He wiped some sweat from his brow. "I'll remember that. I hope I'm in as good as shape as you when I'm your age."

I laughed. "I'm sure you will, kid. Just at look at you. You're in fantastic shape!"

He smiled. "Thanks."

We took a break and drank some water. We talked about his school and my work a little.

"What about your girlfriend?" I asked. "What's she like?"

"She's great, man," he said. "She's real pretty. I like her a lot."

"Does she know how well you suck a man's cock?" I teased.

He laughed. "No, and I don't ever wanna tell her."

I put my arm around him. "Don't worry, kid. I won't say anything."

Daniel laid his hand on my knee. "You know, Leroy, I like hanging out with you. I've never met a guy who's as laid back as you are."

I squeezed his shoulder. "I like hanging out with you, too, Daniel."

He bit his lip and lowered his head. "Do you mind if I ask you something personal?"

"Sure."

"What happened with you and your ex-wife? My dad always said

how happy you guys were. So why did you get divorced?"

I sighed. "Sometimes, life just doesn't go right, Daniel, and there's nothing you can do about it. I think me and my ex-wife just grew apart. That's what happens sometimes."

Daniel looked up into my face. "I'm sorry, man. It's gotta suck."

Daniel had such a pretty face. I touched his lip. "It's fine, Daniel. Life goes on."

He stood up. "Hey, what do you say we go to the gym? All this moving branches has me kind of worked up."

I grinned. "Alright, let's go."

"One more man, come on," I cheered to Daniel.

He was bench pressing 240, the most he'd ever done. I stood near his head and spotted him.

He grunted and heaved. "Fuck!"

Then he finally lifted the barbell back onto the rack.

I leaned over and slapped his chest. "Good boy! That's what I'm talking about."

He smiled and breathed heavily. "Holy shit, man. I've never done that much before. I don't know how you can handle that by yourself?"

I patted his chest. "It just takes time, kid." I gave him a moment to rest up. "Come on," I said to him. "Let's do some squats."

The gym was almost totally empty that day. Daniel and I practically had the place to ourselves.

We got to the squatting rack.

"Go ahead and spot me, kid," I told him.

Daniel got behind me.

I got under the bar and in position.

Daniel stood behind me.

I hoisted the bar off the rack and bent my knees. I heaved and puffed and did eight reps before setting the bar back up.

Daniel stood right behind me, and I could feel his half hard cock through his gym shorts as he bent down with me and spotted me.

"Damn, Leroy," he said. "You sure can lift a lot, man."

I caught my breath.

After looking around to make sure no one was watching us, I groped Daniel through his shorts. I squeezed his shaft in my palm. “I could feel this cock against me every rep, kid.”

He smiled back at me while letting me handle his junk as much as I wanted. “It’s hard to keep it contained when you’ve got an ass as firm as yours, man.”

I grinned and took a step closer to him. I reached around and groped his butt. “Let’s find out how firm yours is, now.”

“Sure thing, man,” he said with a smile.

Daniel got under the bar and I got behind him.

Like his, my cock was getting hard as I playfully pressed it up against his butt.

“Careful, buddy,” he said. “Don’t try and fuck me while I’m squatting.”

I laughed. “Shut up kid and get your set done already.”

As he did his reps, I bent down with him.

I couldn’t resist but cup his butt in my hands while he bent down.

“Fuck,” he grunted as he lifted the bar back onto the rack. He put his hands on his hips and caught his breath.

I put my hands on his waist. “Great job, kid.”

He panted. “Thanks man.”

I looked around, making sure again that no one was watching.

We were alone at the back of the gym.

Daniel was so firm and toned and sweaty and hot. He had me horny and revved and I wanted another piece of him.

I squeezed his butt. “You’re keeping this nice and tight.”

He smiled. “You ought to know, man. You felt how tight I am this morning.”

I grinned. I slid my hand down his shorts. I felt his bare ass because he wore a jock strap. I held onto his hip as I slid two fingers up against his asshole. “Yeah, buddy, I know how tight you are.”

“Whoa, dude!” He tensed up in a little shock.

I brought him against my chest and put my arm around him. I kept my fingers up against his hole. “Relax, Daniel. Relax.”

He fidgeted for a few moments but finally calmed down.

“Your hole feels pretty sweaty,” I said into his ear.

“So do your fingers,” he said in heavy breath.

“Perfect to slide right in,” I growled.

Then I pushed the tips of my fingers into his ass. I went an inch inside of him before he grabbed at my arm and begged me to stop.

"Fuck, no, Leroy. I can't. That hurts."

"Shh, it's okay, kid," I told him. "Just relax. Trust me."

Daniel looked around in a panic. "What if someone sees?"

"I'll keep an eye out," I told him. "It's just us back here. Trust me. I'll take care of you."

I slipped my fingers a little deeper inside him.

He leaned back against me. His grip on my forearm tightened.

But I held my fingers still inside his tight ass and didn't take them out.

"Fuck, Leroy," he whimpered. And then he started to relax. "Oh fuck, Leroy."

His body became less tense. His grip on my forearm loosened. He started to enjoy the sensation like I knew he would.

"Oh shit," he said. "Man that actually feels, pretty damn good."

I grinned. "I knew you'd like it."

He leaned against me.

I started sliding my fingers in and out of his hole, slow and steady.

"Fuck, man," he moaned. "You're making me really fucking hard."

I reached down and felt his hard cock. I rubbed it while he moaned a little louder.

"Don't be so loud," I hushed him. "Someone will hear you."

"Oh fuck," he whimpered. "Go deeper, man. Get deeper inside my ass."

I pushed my fingers further into his hole. He was so warm and tight. I could feel him squeeze and pulse.

He bit his lip and started grinding against my hand. "Dude this is crazy. I wanna get off right here, right now."

My cock was so hard it hurt to keep it contained in my gym shorts. "Me too. Come on."

I pulled my hand out from his shorts and slapped his ass. "Let's hit the showers right now, kid."

We were both rock hard as we got into the locker room.

"Is there anyone else in here?" he asked.

"Let's check and make sure."

We walked in between the rows of lockers. We were alone.

"There's no one," he said to me.

“Good.” I grabbed him and threw him up against the lockers. “Because now I want to taste that sweet little ass.”

“Fuck yeah,” he groaned.

I ripped off his shirt.

He tore off mine.

I yanked down his gym shorts, leaving him in his jock strap. Then I turned him around and made him lean against the locker.

I knelt down behind him and spread his asshole so I could get a glimpse of it.

“Fucking gorgeous,” I told him. “Never knew you kept it so smooth, kid.”

He smiled and panted. “What can I say, man? I like to keep my ass looking pretty.”

I spanked him and he yelped in delight. Then I hungrily dug my tongue into his hole while he started groaning and wiggling.

“Oh shit, man,” he whined. “Fuck that feels good.” He was so aroused his hard cock sprang out of the side of his jock strap.

“Mmm yeah,” I groaned. “Tastes good, too.” I did circles with my tongue and made his ass mine. I hadn’t eaten anyone’s hole like that in a long time, so I put all of my pent up energy into Daniel.

After a few minutes, I slid two fingers back into his wet hole.

“Aw fuck!” he whined.

I went all the way in, deep and firm. His tight little hole started squeezing.

“Man that feels good,” he moaned. He grabbed his own ass and spread it for me. “That’s fucking amazing, man.”

“You’ve got a great ass, kid.”

“I wanna come already!” he whimpered.

“Don’t come on the lockers,” I told him.

“Then where can I?” he whined. “I need to come now.”

“Just turn around.” I whirled him around and opened my mouth. “Just come in my mouth. I’ll swallow it for you.”

“Okay!” He jerked his cock, and the head of it rested on my tongue.

I slid my fingers back into his ass and drilled him.

He grabbed my head as his eyes rolled back. “Fuck!”

His whole body shook as he shot loads of white hot jizz into my mouth.

When he was done, I slid my fingers out and wiped my mouth. I swallowed his come. It tasted warm and salty. I stood back up and smiled at him. “Good job, boy.”

He smiled with a glazed expression in his eyes. “That felt awesome.”

I pushed him down onto his knees. “Alright, kid. Now you’re gonna swallow my come.”

He waited eagerly on his knees. “Yes sir!”

I pulled my shorts down and my hard, huge cock smacked him in his face.

He went straight to work, slobbering and sucking and stroking my manhood. “Man, I can taste your precome, Leroy. I bet you got a big fucking load.”

“Keep sucking and find out,” I ordered.

He sucked my throbbing cock like a champ. Stroking and bobbing and spitting like he loved it and couldn’t get enough of it.

“Fuck,” I groaned. “I’m gonna come. Keep sucking me like that.”

He took a deep breath with saliva and precome dripping off his mouth. “Yes sir!” Then he slid my shaft back into his lips and kept going.

He kept sucking until my cock pulsed and throbbed in his mouth. I held the back of his head and shoved my cock to the back of his throat and I started to come.

He gagged and swallowed almost all of it, and he spit out the rest and let it drizzle down his chin. He took a moment to catch his breath. “Holy shit, man. That was so much!”

I breathed easier as my orgasm faded. “I come a lot when I get my cock sucked so well.”

I brought him to his feet.

We smiled at one another, and I wiped some of my juices off his face.

“You’re awesome, man,” he said to me with a smile.

I touched his chin with my thumb. “You too, kid. Come on. Let’s hit the showers.”

That Saturday evening Mike invited a few neighbors over for a cookout.

I sat in a pool chair near the pool and drank a beer while his neighbors talked about nothing important.

I couldn't help but notice how sexy Daniel looked in his swim suit. He looked so good I wasn't even checking out any of the women that had come by.

"You seem to be feeling better," Mike told me.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Man, when you first came here yesterday you just seemed like you were still feeling bad about the divorce. At least now you kind of seem happy. What's changed your mind?"

I shrugged. "Who knows." My eyes wandered to his son who sat at the edge of the pool. "I think I'm just learning to let go and enjoy life a little more."

Before Daniel left that weekend we got each other's numbers, and we both told each other how much we wanted to "hang out" again.

"You're one of my best buddies now, Leroy," Daniel told me. "Just don't tell my dad what we did."

I smiled and squeezed his shoulder. "Don't worry, kid. Our secret."

Daniel went back to school, and I went back to house out in the country. It was a small, cabin style home in north Texas, tucked away in some hunting land and pastures.

I felt better about life now. I started working out more, and I started enjoying work more. Daniel had made me feel better about myself again.

And just when I started to miss him, he called me.

"Daniel?" I answered that evening. I stood on my porch looking out towards the fields and horizon.

"Hey, Leroy, it's me Daniel."

I chuckled. "I know, kid. I have your number saved."

He laughed. He sounded nervous. "Right. That's right. Well hey, me and few buddies are going hunting out near your house in a few weeks. I was wondering if I could stop by, maybe hang out for a bit. If

you know what I mean."

I smiled as I leaned against the post at the end of my porch. "Oh yeah kid. I know what you mean. And I'd love for you to come by."

And just when I was starting to think Daniel and I would be a one-time fling, my friend's hot son was coming to me again. And I couldn't fucking wait!